

haue heere: sure they are bastards to the English, the French here got em.

*La.* You are too young, too happie, and too good To make your selfe a sonne out of my blood.

*4. Lord.* Faire one, I thinke not so.

*Ol. Lord.* There's one grape yet, I am sure thy father drunke wine. But if thou be'st not an asse, I am a youth of fourteen: I haue knowne thee already.

*Hel.* I dare not say I take you, but I giue Me and my seruice, euer whilst I liue Into your guiding power: This is the man.

*King.* Why then young *Bertram* take her thee's thy wife.

*Ber.* My wife my Leige? I shal beseech your highnes In such a busines, giue me leaue to vse The helpe of mine owne eyes.

*King.* Know'st thou not *Bertram* what shee ha's done for mee?

*Ber.* Yes my good Lord, but neuer hope to know why I should marrie her.

*King.* Thou know'st shee ha's rais'd me from my sickly bed.

*Ber.* But followes it my Lord, to bring me downe Must answer for your raising? I knowe her well: Shee had her breeding at my fathers charge: A poore Physicians daughter my wife? Disdaine Rather corrupt me euer.

*King.* Tis onely title thou disdaint in her, the which I can build vp: strange is it that our bloods Of colour, waight, and heat, pour'd all together, Would quite confound distinction: yet stands off In differences so mightie. If she bee All that is vertuous (saue what thou dislik'st) A poore Physicians daughter, thou dislik'st Of vertue for the name: but doe not so: From lowest place, whence vertuous things proceed, The place is dignified by th' doers deede.

Where great additions swell's, and vertue none, It is a dropst of honour. Good alone, Is good without a name? Vilenesse is so: The propertie by what is, should go, Not by the title. Shee is young, wise, faire, In these, to Nature shee's immediate heire: And these breed honour: that is honours scorne, Which challenges it selfe as honours borne, And is not like the fire: Honours thriue, When rather from our acts we them deriue Then our fore-goers: the meere words, a flauie Deboish'd on euerie tombe, on euerie graue: A lying Trophee, and as oft is dumbe, Where dust, and damn'd obliuion is the Tombe. Of honour'd bones indeed, what should be saide? If thou canst like this creature, as a maide, I can create the rest: Vertue, and shee Is her owne dower: Honour and wealth, from mee.

*Ber.* I cannot loue her, nor will strue to doo't.

*King.* Thou wrong'st thy selfe, if thou shold'st strue to choose.

*Hel.* That you are well restor'd my Lord, I'me glad: Let the rest go.

*King.* My Honor's at the stake, which to defeat I must produce my power. Heere, take her hand, Proud scornfull boy, vnworthe this good gift, That dost in vile misprison shackle vp My loue, and her desert: that canst not dreame, We poizing vs in her defectiue scale,

Shall weigh thee to the beame: That wilt not know, It is in Vs to plant thine Honour, where We please to haue it grow. Checke thy contempt: Obey Our will, which trauailes in thy good: Beleeue not thy disdain, but presentlie Do thine owne fortunes that obedient right Which both thy dutie owes, and Our power claimes.

Or I will throw thee from my care for euer Into the staggers, and the carelesse lapsle Of youth and ignorance: both my reuenge and hate Looking vpon thee, in the name of iustice, Without all termes of pittie. Speake, thine answer.

*Ber.* Pardon my gracious Lord: for I submit My fancie to your eyes, when I consider What great creation, and what dole of honour Flies where you bid it: I finde that she which late Was in my Nobler thoughts, most base: is now The praised of the King, who so ennobled, Is as 'twere borne so.

*King.* Take her by the hand, And tell her she is thine: to whom I promise A counterpoize: If not to thy estate, A ballance more repleat.

*Ber.* Take her hand.

*King.* Good fortune, and the fauour of the King Smile vpon this Contract: whose Ceremonie Shall seeme expedient on the now borne brieft, And be perform'd to night: the solemne Feast Shall more attend vpon the coming space, Expecting absent friends. As thou lou'st her, Thy loue's to me Religious: else, do's erie.

*Parolles and Lafew stay behind, commenting of this wedding.*

*Laf.* Do you heare Monsieur? A word with you.

*Par.* Your pleasure sir.

*Laf.* Your Lord and Master did well to make his recantation.

*Par.* Recantation? My Lord? my Master?

*Laf.* I: Is it not a Language I speake?

*Par.* A most harsh one, and not to bee vnderstoode without bloudie succeeding. My Master?

*Laf.* Are you Companion to the Count *Rossillion*?

*Par.* To any Count, to all Counts: to what is man.

*Laf.* To what is Counts man: Counts maister is of another stile.

*Par.* You are too old sir: Let it satisfie you, you are too old.

*Laf.* I must tell thee sirrah, I write Man: to which title age cannot bring thee.

*Par.* What I dare too well do, I dare not do.

*Laf.* I did thinke thee for two ordinaries: to bee a prettie wise fellow, thou didst make tollerable vent of thy trauell, it might passe: yet the scarffes and the banners about thee, did manifoldlie dissuade me from beleeuing thee a vessell of too great a burthen. I haue now found thee, when I loofe thee againe, I care not: yet art thou good for nothing but taking vp, and that th' our scarce worth.

*Par.* Hadst thou not the priuiledge of Antiquity vpon thee.

*Laf.* Do not plunge thy selfe to farre in anger, least thou hasten thy triall: which if, Lord haue mercie on thee for a hen, so my good window of Lettice fare thee well, thy casement I neede not open, for I look through thee. Giue me thy hand.

*Par.* My Lord, you giue me most egregious indignity.

*Laf.*

*Laf.* I wish all my heart, and thou art worthy of it.

*Par.* I haue not my Lord deseru'd it.

*Laf.* Yes good faith, eu'ry dramme of it, and I will not bace thee a scruple.

*Par.* Well, I shall be wiser.

*Laf.* Eu'n as soone as thou can'st, for thou hast to pull at a smacke a'th contrarie. If euer thou bee'st bound in thy skarfe and beaten, thou shall finde what it is to be proud of thy bondage, I haue a desire to holde my acquaintance with thee, or rather my knowledge, that I may say in the default, he is a man I know.

*Par.* My Lord you do me most insupportable vexation.

*Laf.* I would it were hell paines for thy sake, and my poore doing eternall: for doing I am past, as I will by thee, in what motion age will giue me leaue. Exit.

*Par.* Well, thou hast a sopher shall take this disgrace off me; scuruy, old, filthy, scuruy Lord: Well, I must be patient, there is no fettering of authority. He beate him (by my life) if I can meete him with any conuenience, and he were double and double a Lord. He haue no more pittie of his age then I would haue of—He beate him, and if I could but meet him agen.

Enter Lafew.

*Laf.* Sirra, your Lord and masters married, there's newes for you: you haue a new Mistress.

*Par.* I most vnfaidly beseech your Lordshippe to make some reseruatiou of your wrongs. He is my good Lord, whom I serue about is my master.

*Laf.* Who? God.

*Par.* I sir.

*Laf.* The deuil it is, that's thy master. Why doeest thou garter vp thy armes a this fashion? Dost make hose of thy sleeues? Do other seruants so? Thou wert best set thy lower part where thy nose stands. By mine Honor, if I were but two houres yonger, I'de beate thee: mee-think'st thou art a generall offence, and euery man shold beate thee: I thinke thou wast created for men to breath themselves vpon thee.

*Par.* This is hard and vnderseued measure my Lord.

*Laf.* Go too thy, you were beaten in Italy for picking a kernell out of a Pomgranar, you are a vagabond, and no true trauller: you are more sawcie with Lordes and honourable personages, then the Commission of your birth and vertue giues you Heraldry. You are not worth another word, else I'de call you knaue. I leaue you. Exit.

Enter Count Rossillion.

*Par.* Good, very good, it is so then: good, very good, let it be conceal'd awhile.

*Ros.* Vndone, and forfeited to cares for euer.

*Par.* What's the matter sweet-heart?

*Ros.* Although before the solemne Priest I haue sworne, I will not bed her.

*Par.* What? what sweet heart?

*Ros.* O my Parolles, they haue married me: He to the *Tuscan* warres, and neuer bed her.

*Par.* France is a dog-hole, and it no more merits, The tread of a mans foot: too'th warres.

*Ros.* There's letters from my mother: What th'im-portis, I know not yet.

*Par.* That would be knowne: too'th warres my boy, too'th warres:

He weares his honor in a boxe

That hugges his kickie wickie

Spending his manlie marrow in

Which should sustaine the bou

Of *Marses* fierie steed: to other

France is a stable, wee that dwe

Therefore too'th warre.

*Ros.* It shall be so, He send he

Acquaint my mother with my

And wherefore I am fled: Writ

That which I durst not speake.

Shall furnish me to those Italia

Where noble fellowes strike:

To the darke house, and the de

*Par.* Will this Caprichio hol

*Ros.* Go with me to my cham

He send her straight away: To

He to the warres, she to her sing

*Par.* Why these bals bound,

A yong man married, is a man th

Therefore away, and leaue her

The King ha's done you wrong

Enter Helena and C

*Hel.* My mother greets me

*Clo.* She is not well, but yet

very merrie, but yet she is not

uen she's very well, and wants

yet she is not well.

*Hel.* If she be verie wel, wh

not verie well?

*Clo.* Truly she's very well in

*Hel.* What two things?

*Clo.* One, that she's not in he

her quickly: the other, that she

God send her quickly.

Enter Parolles.

*Par.* Blessye you my fortunat

*Hel.* I hope sir I haue your g

owne good fortune.

*Par.* You had my prayers t

keepe them on, haue them still.

my old Ladie?

*Clo.* So that you had her wri

I would she did as you say,

*Par.* Why I say nothing.

*Clo.* Marry you are the wise

tongue shakes out his masters v

to do nothing, to know nothin

is to be a great part of your title

little of nothing.

*Par.* Away, th'art a knaue.

*Clo.* You should haue said fir

knaue, that's before me th'art a

truth sir.

*Par.* Go too, thou art a witt

thee.

*Clo.* Did you finde me in you

taught to finde me?

*Clo.* The search sir was pro

may you find in you, euen to the

encrease of laughter.

*Par.* A good knaue if aith, and

Madam, my Lord will go awa